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Hemans

Restoration of the works of Art
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THE
RESTORATION

OF THE
WORKS OF ART TO ITALY:

A POEM.

BY FELICIA HEMANS.

Italia, Italia! O tu cui dic la sorte
Dono infelice di bellezza, ond' hai
Funesta dote d'infiniti guai,
Che'n fronte scritte per gran doglia porte;
Deh, fossi tu men bella, o almen piu forte.

FILICAJA.

SECOND EDITION.

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“ **THE** French, who in every invasion have been the
“ scourge of Italy, and have rivalled or rather surpassed
“ the rapacity of the Goths and Vandals, laid their sacri-
“ legious hands on the unparalleled collection of the
“ Vatican, tore its Masterpieces from their pedestals,
“ and dragging them from their temples of marble,
“ transported them to Paris, and consigned them to the
“ dull sullen halls, or rather stables, of the *Louvre*. * *

* * * * *

“ But the joy of discovery was short, and the triumph
“ of taste transitory !”

Eustace's Classical Tour through Italy, vol. ii. p. 60.

109075.



THE
RESTORATION
OF THE
WORKS OF ART TO ITALY.



THE
RESTORATION
OF THE
WORKS OF ART TO ITALY.

LAND of departed fame ! whose classic plains,
Have proudly echoed to immortal strains ;
Whose hallow'd soil hath given the great and brave,
Day-stars of life, a birth-place and a grave ;
Home of the Arts ! where glory's faded smile,
Sheds ling'ring light o'er many a mould'ring pile ;
Proud wreck of vanish'd power, of splendor fled,
Majestic temple of the mighty dead !
Whose grandeur, yet contending with decay,
Gleams thro' the twilight of thy glorious day ;

Tho' dimm'd thy brightness, rivetted thy chain,
Yet, fallen Italy ! rejoice again !
Lost, lovely Realm ! once more 'tis thine to gaze
On the rich relics of sublimer days.

Awake, ye Muses of Etrurian shades,
Or sacred Tivoli's romantic glades ;
Wake, ye that slumber in the bowery gloom,
Where the wild ivy shadows Virgil's tomb ;
Or ye, whose voice, by Sarga's lonely wave,
Swell'd the deep echoes of the fountain's cave,
Or thrill'd the soul in Tasso's numbers high,
Those magic strains of love and chivalry ;
If yet by classic streams ye fondly rove,
Haunting the myrtle-vale, the laurel-grove ;
Oh ! rouse once more the daring soul of song,
Seize with bold hand the harp, forgot so long,

And hail, with wonted pride, those works rever'd,
Hallow'd by time, by absence more endear'd.

And breathe to Those the strain, whose warrior-might
Each danger stemm'd, prevail'd in every fight ;
Souls of unyielding power, to storms inured,
Sublim'd by peril, and by toil matured.
Sing of that Leader, whose ascendant mind,
Could rouse the slumb'ring spirit of mankind ;
Whose banners track'd the vanquish'd Eagle's flight
O'er many a plain, and dark Sierra's height ;
Who bade once more the wild, heroic lay,
Record the deeds of Roncesvalles' day ;
Who, thro' each mountain-pass of rock and snow,
An Alpine Huntsman, chas'd the fear-struck foe ;
Waved his proud standard to the balmy gales,
Rich Languedoc ! that fan thy glowing vales,

And 'midst those scenes renew'd th' achievements high,
Bequeath'd to fame by England's ancestry.

Yet, when the storm seem'd hushed, the conflict past,
One strife remained—the mightiest and the last !
Nerved for the struggle, in that fateful hour,
Untamed Ambition summon'd all his power;
Vengeance and Pride, to frenzy rous'd, were there,
And the stern might of resolute Despair.

Isle of the free ! 'twas then thy champions stood,
Breasting unmov'd the combat's wildest flood,
Sunbeam of Battle, then thy spirit shone,
Glow'd in each breast, and sunk with life alone.

Oh hearts devoted ! whose illustrious doom,
Gave there at once your triumph and your tomb,
Ye, firm and faithful, in th' ordeal tried
Of that dread strife, by Freedom sanctified ;

Shrin'd, not entomb'd, ye rest in sacred earth,
Hallow'd by deeds of more than mortal worth.
What tho' to mark where sleeps heroic dust,
No sculptur'd trophy rise, or breathing bust,
Yours, on the scene where valour's race was run,
A prouder sepulchre—the field ye won !
There every mead, each cabin's lowly name,
Shall live a watch-word blended with your fame ;
And well may flowers suffice those graves to crown,
That ask no urn to blazon their renown.
There shall the Bard in future ages tread,
And bless each wreath that blossoms o'er the dead ;
Revere each tree, whose sheltering branches wave
O'er the low mounds, the altars of the brave ;
Pause o'er each Warrior's grass-grown bed, and hear
In every breeze, some name to glory dear,
And as the shades of twilight close around,
With martial pageants people all the ground.

Thither unborn descendants of the slain,
Shall throng, as pilgrim's to some holy fane,
While, as they trace each spot, whose records tell,
Where fought their fathers, and prevail'd, and fell,
Warm in their souls shall loftiest feelings glow,
Claiming proud kindred with the dust below !
And many an age shall see the brave repair,
To learn the Hero's bright devotion there.

And well, Ausonia ! may that field of fame,
From thee one song of echoing triumph claim.
Land of the lyre ! 'twas there th' avenging sword,
Won the bright treasures to thy fanes restored ;
Those precious trophies o'er thy realms that throw
A veil of radiance, hiding half thy woe,
And bid the stranger for awhile forget
How deep thy fall, and deem thee glorious yet.

Yes ! fair creations, to perfection wrought,
Embodied visions of ascending thought !
Forms of sublimity ! by Genius traced,
In tints that vindicate adoring taste ;
Whose bright originals, to earth unknown,
Live in the spheres encircling glory's throne ;
Models of art, to deathless fame consign'd,
Stamp'd with the high-born majesty of mind ;
Yes, matchless works ! your presence shall restore
One beam of splendor to your native shore,
And her sad scenes of lost renown illumine,
As the bright Sunset gilds some Hero's tomb.

Oh ! ne'er, in other climes, tho' many an eye,
Dwelt on your charms in beaming ecstasy ;
Ne'er was it yours to bid the soul expand
With thoughts so mighty, dreams so boldly grand,

As in that realm, where each faint breeze's moan,
Seems a low dirge for glorious ages gone ;
Where 'midst the ruin'd shrines of many a vale,
E'en Desolation tells a haughty tale,
And scarce a fountain flows, a rock ascends,
But its proud name with song eternal blends !

Yes ! in those scenes, where every ancient stream,
Bids memory kindle o'er some lofty theme ;
Where every marble deeds of fame records,
Each ruin tells of Earth's departed lords ;
And the deep tones of inspiration swell,
From each wild Olive-wood, and Alpine dell ;
Where heroes slumber, on their battle plains,
'Midst prostrate altars, and deserted fanes,
And Fancy communes, in each lonely spot,
With shades of those who ne'er shall be forgot ;

There was your home, and there your power imprest,
With tenfold awe, the pilgrim's glowing breast ;
And, as the wind's deep thrills, and mystic sighs,
Wake the wild harp to loftiest harmonies,
Thus at your influence, starting from repose,
Thought, Feeling, Fancy, into grandeur rose.

Fair Florence ! Queen of Arno's lovely vale !
Justice and Truth indignant heard thy tale,
And sternly smil'd in retribution's hour,
To wrest thy treasures from the Spoiler's power.
Too long the spirits of thy noble dead
Mourned o'er the domes they rear'd in ages fled.
Those classic scenes their pride so richly graced,
Temples of genius, palaces of taste,
Too long, with sad and desolated mien,
Revealed where conquest's lawless track had been ;

Reft of each form with brighter life imbued,
Lonely they frown'd, a desert solitude.

Florence ! th' Oppressor's noon of pride is o'er,
Rise in thy pomp again, and weep no more !

As one, who, starting at the dawn of day,
From dark illusions, phantoms of dismay,
With transport heighten'd by those ills of night,
Hails the rich glories of expanding light ;
E'en thus, awak'ning from thy dream of woe,
While Heaven's own hues in radiance round thee glow,
With warmer ecstasy 'tis thine to trace
Each tint of beauty, and each line of grace ;
More bright, more priz'd, more precious, since deplored,
As lov'd, lost relics, ne'er to be restored,
'Thy grief as hopeless as the tear-drop shed,
By fond affection bending o'er the dead.

Athens of Italy ! once more are thine,
Those matchless gems of Art's exhaustless mine.
For thee bright Genius darts his living beam,
Warm o'er thy shrines the tints of Glory stream,
And forms august as natives of the sky,
Rise round each fane in faultless majesty,
So chastely perfect, so serenely grand,
They seem creations of no mortal hand.

Ye, at whose voice fair Art, with eagle glance,
Burst in full splendor from her deathlike trance ;
Whose rallying call bade slumb'ring nations wake,
And daring Intellect his bondage break ;
Beneath whose eye the Lords of song arose,
And snatch'd the 'Tuscan lyre from long repose,
And bade its pealing energies resound,
With power electric, through the realms around ;

Oh ! high in thought, magnificent in soul !
Born to inspire, enlighten, and control ;
Cosmo, Lorenzo ! view your reign once more,
The shrine where nations mingle to adore !
Again th' Enthusiast there, with ardent gaze,
Shall hail the mighty of departed days :
Those sovereign spirits, whose commanding mind,
Seems in the marble's breathing mould enshrined ;
Still, with ascendant power, the world to awe,
Still the deep homage of the heart to draw ;
To breathe some spell of holiness around,
Bid all the scene be consecrated ground,
And from the stone, by Inspiration wrought,
Dart the pure lightnings of exalted thought.

There thou, fair offspring of immortal Mind !
Love's radiant Goddess, Idol of mankind !

Once the bright object of Devotion's vow,
 Shalt claim from taste a kindred worship now.
 Oh ! who can tell what beams of heavenly light,
 Flash'd o'er the sculptor's intellectual sight,
 How many a glimpse, reveal'd to him alone,
 Made brighter beings, nobler worlds his own :
 Ere, like some vision sent the earth to bless,
 Burst into life thy pomp of loveliness !

Young Genius there, while dwells his kindling eye
 On forms, instinct with bright divinity,
 While new-born powers, dilating in his heart,
 Embrace the full magnificence of Art ;
 From scenes, by Raphael's gifted hand arrayed,
 From dreams of heaven, by Angelo pourtrayed ;
 From each fair work of Grecian skill sublime,
 Seal'd with perfection, ' sanctified by time ;'

Shall catch a kindred glow, and proudly feel
His spirit burn with emulative zeal,
Broyant with loftier hopes, his soul shall rise,
Imbued at once with nobler energies;
O'er life's dim scenes on rapid pinion soar,
And worlds of visionary grace explore,
Till his bold hand give glory's day-dreams birth,
And with new wonders charm admiring earth.

Venice exult ! and o'er thy moonlight seas,
Swell with gay strains each Adriatic breeze !
What tho' long fled those years of martial fame,
That shed romantic lustre o'er thy name ;
Tho' to the winds thy streamers idly play,
And the wild waves another Queen obey ;
Tho' quench'd the spirit of thine ancient race,
And power and freedom scarce have left a trace ;

Yet still shall Art her splendors round thee cast,
And gild the wreck of years for ever past.
Again thy fanes may boast a Titian's dyes,
Whose clear soft brilliance emulates thy skies,
And scenes that glow in colouring's richest bloom,
With life's warm flush Palladian halls illumine.
From thy rich dome again th' unrivalled steed
Starts to existence, rushes into speed,
Still for Lysippus claims the wreath of fame,
Panting with ardour, vivified with flame.

Proud Racers of the Sun! to fancy's thought,
Burning with spirit, from his essence caught,
No mortal birth ye seem—but formed to bear
Heaven's car of triumph thro' the realms of air;
To range uncurb'd the pathless fields of space,
The winds your rivals in the glorious race;

Traverse empyreal spheres with buoyant feet,
Free as the zephyr, as the shot-star fleet;
And waft thro' worlds unknown the vital ray,
The flame that wakes creations into day.
Creatures of fire and ether! winged with light,
To track the regions of the Infinite!
From purer elements whose life was drawn,
Sprung from the sunbeam, offspring of the dawn.
What years on years, in silence gliding by,
Have spar'd those forms of perfect symmetry!
Moulded by Art to dignify alone,
Her own bright deity's resplendent throne,
Since first her skill their fiery grace bestowed,
Meet for such lofty fate, such high abode,
How many a race, whose tales of glory seem
An echo's voice—the music of a dream,
Whose records feebly from oblivion save,
A few bright traces of the wise and brave;

How many a state, whose pillar'd strength sublime,
 Defied the storms of war, the waves of time,
 Towering o'er earth majestic and alone,
 Fortress of power—has flourished and is gone !
 And they, from clime to clime by conquest borne,
 Each fleeting triumph destined to adorn,
 They, that of powers and kingdoms lost and won,
 Have seen the noontide and the setting sun,
 Consummate still in every grace remain,
 As o'er *their* heads had ages rolled in vain !
 Ages, victorious in their ceaseless flight,
 O'er countless monuments of earthly might !
 While she, from fair Byzantium's lost domain,
 Who bore those treasures to her ocean-reign,
 'Midst the blue deep, who reared her island-throne,
 And called th' infinitude of waves her own ;
 Venice the proud, the Regent of the sea,
 Welcomes in chains the trophies of the Free !

And thou, whose Eagle's towering plume unfurled,
Once cast its shadow o'er a vassal world,
Eternal city ! round whose Curule throne,
The Lords of nations knelt in ages flown ;
Thou, whose Augustan years have left to time,
Immortal records of their glorious prime ;
When deathless bards, thine olive-shades among,
Swelled the high raptures of heroic song ;
Fair, fallen Empress ! raise thy languid head,
From the cold altars of th' illustrious dead,
And once again, with fond delight survey,
The proud memorials of thy noblest day.

Lo ! where thy sons, oh Rome ! a godlike train,
In imaged majesty return again !
Bards, chieftains, monarchs, tower with mien august,
O'er scenes that shrine their venerable dust.

Those forms, those features, luminous with soul,
 Still o'er thy children seem to claim control;
 With awful grace arrest the pilgrim's glance,
 Bind his rapt soul in elevating trance,
 And bid the past, to fancy's ardent eyes,
 From time's dim sepulchre in glory rise.

Souls of the lofty! whose undying names,
 Rouse the young bosom still to noblest aims;
 Oh! with your images could fate restore,
 Your own high spirit to your sons once more;
 Patriots and Heroes! could those flames return,
 That bade your hearts with freedom's ardours burn;
 Then from the sacred ashes of the first,
 Might a new Rome in phoenix-grandeur burst!
 With one bright glance dispel th' horizon's gloom,
 With one loud call wake Empire from the tomb;

Bind round her brows her own triumphal crown,
Lift her dread Ægis, with majestic frown,
Unchain her Eagle's wing, and guide his flight,
To bathe its plumage in the fount of light.

Vain dream ! degraded Rome ! thy noon is o'er,
Once lost, thy spirit shall revive no more.
It sleeps with those, the sons of other days,
Who fixed on thee the world's adoring gaze ;
Those, blest to live, while yet thy star was high,
More blest, ere darkness quenched its beam, to die !

Yet, tho' thy faithless tutelary powers,
Have fled thy shrines, left desolate thy towers,
Still, still to thee shall nations bend their way,
Revered in ruin, sovereign in decay !
Oh ! what can realms, in fame's full zenith, boast,
To match the relics of thy splendor lost !

By Tiber's waves, on each illustrious hill,
 Genius and 'Taste shall love to wander still,
 For there has Art survived an Empire's doom,
 And reared her throne o'er Latium's trophied tomb;
 She from the dust recalls the brave and free,
 Peopling each scene with beings worthy thee!

Oh! ne'er again may War, with lightning-stroke,
 Rend its last honours from the shatter'd oak!
 Long be those works, revered by ages, thine,
 To lend one triumph to thy dim decline.

Bright with stern beauty, breathing wrathful fire,
 In all the grandeur of celestial ire,
 Once more thine own, th' immortal Archer's form,
 Sheds radiance round, with more than Being warm!
 Oh! who could view, nor deem that perfect frame,
 'A living temple of ethereal flame?

Lord of the day-star ! how may words pourtray
Of thy chaste glory one reflected ray ?
Whate'er the soul could dream, the hand could trace,
Of regal dignity, and heavenly grace ;
Each purer effluence of the fair and bright,
Whose fitful gleams have broke on mortal sight ;
Each bold idea, borrowed from the sky,
To vest th' embodied form of Deity ;
All, all in thee ennobled and refined,
Breathe and enchant, transcendently combined !
Son of Elysium ! years and ages gone,
Have bowed, in speechless homage, at thy throne,
And days unborn, and nations yet to be,
Shall gaze, absorbed in ecstacy, on thee !

And thou, triumphant wreck¹, e'en yet sublime,
Disputed trophy, claimed by Art and Time,

Hail to that scene again, where Genius caught
 From thee its fervors of diviner thought !
 Where He, th' inspired One, whose gigantic mind,
 Lived in some sphere, to him alone assigned ;
 Who from the past, the future, and th' unseen,
 Could call up forms of more than earthly mien ;
 Unrivalled Angelo, on thee would gaze,
 Till his full soul imbibed perfection's blaze !
 And who but he, that Prince of Art, might dare
 Thy sovereign greatness view without despair ?
 Emblem of Rome ! from power's meridian hurled,
 Yet claiming still the homage of the world.

What hadst thou been, ere barbarous hands defaced
 The work of wonder, idolized by taste ?
 Oh ! worthy still of some divine abode,
² Mould of a Conqueror ! ruin of a God !

Still, like some broken gem, whose quenchless beam,
From each bright fragment pours its vital stream,
'Tis thine, by fate unconquered, to dispense
From every part, some ray of excellence !
E'en yet, informed with essence from on high,
Thine is no trace of frail mortality !
Within that frame a purer Being glows,
Thro' viewless veins a brighter current flows ;
Filled with immortal life each muscle swells,
In every line supernal grandeur dwells.

Consummate work ! the noblest and the last,
Of Grecian Freedom, ere her reign was past.
Nurse of the mighty, she, while lingering still,
Her mantle flowed o'er many a classic hill,
Ere yet her voice its parting accents breathed,
A Hero's image to the world bequeathed ;

Enshrined in thee th' imperishable ray,
 Of high-souled Genius, fostered by her sway,
 And bade thee teach, to ages yet unborn,
 What lofty dreams were hers—who never shall return !

And mark yon group, transfixed with many a throe,
 Sealed with the image of eternal woe:
 With fearful truth, terrific power, exprest,
 Thy pangs, Laocoon, agonize the breast,
 And the stern combat picture to mankind,
 Of suffering nature, and enduring mind.
 Oh, mighty conflict ! tho' his pains intense,
 Distend each nerve, and dart thro' every sense ;
 Tho' fixed on him, his children's suppliant eyes,
 Implore the aid avenging fate denies ;
 Tho' with the giant-snake in fruitless strife,
 Heaves every muscle with convulsive life,

And in each limb Existence writhes, enrolled
'Midst the dread circles of the venom'd fold ;
Yet the strong spirit lives—and not a cry,
Shall own the might of Nature's agony !
That furrow'd brow unconquered soul reveals,
That patient eye to angry heaven appeals,
That struggling bosom concentrates its breath,
4 Nor yields one moan to torture or to death !

Sublimest triumph of intrepid Art !
With speechless horror to congeal the heart,
To freeze each pulse, and dart thro' every vein,
Cold thrills of fear, keen sympathies of pain ;
Yet teach the spirit how its lofty power,
May brave the pangs of fate's severest hour.

Turn from such conflicts, and enraptured gaze,
On scenes where Painting all her skill displays :

Landscapes, by colouring drest in richer dyes,
More mellowed sunshine, more unclouded skies ;
Or dreams of bliss, to dying Martyrs given,
Descending Seraphs, robed in beams of heaven.

Oh ! sovereign Masters of the Pencil's might,
Its depth of shadow, and its blaze of light,
Ye, whose bold thought disdaining every bound,
Explored the worlds above, below, around,
Children of Italy ! who stand alone,
And unapproached, 'midst regions all your own ;
What scenes, what beings blest your favoured sight,
Severely grand, unutterably bright !
Triumphant spirits ! your exulting eye,
Could meet the noontide of eternity,
And gaze untired, undaunted, uncontrolled,
On all that Fancy trembles to behold.

Bright on your view such forms their splendor shed,
As burst on Prophet-bards in ages fled :
Forms that to trace, no hand but yours might dare,
Darkly sublime, or exquisitely fair,
These o'er the walls your magic skill arrayed,
Glow in rich sunshine, gleam thro' melting shade,
Float in light grace, in awful greatness tower,
And breathe and move, the records of your power.
Inspired of Heaven ! what heightened pomp ye cast,
O'er all the deathless trophies of the past !
Round many a marble fane and classic dome,
Asserting still the majesty of Rome ;
Round many a work that bids the world believe,
What Grecian Art could image and achieve ;
Again, creative minds, your visions throw,
Life's chastened warmth, and Beauty's mellowest glow,
And when the Morn's bright beams and mantling dyes,
Pour the rich lustre of Ausonian skies,

Or evening suns illumine, with purple smile,
The Parian altar, and the pillared aisle,
Then, as the full, or softened radiance falls,
On Angel-groups that hover o'er the walls,
Well may those Temples, where your hand has shed
Light o'er the tomb, existence round the dead,
Seem like some world, so perfect and so fair,
That nought of earth should find admittance there,
Some sphere, where Beings, to mankind unknown,
Dwell in the brightness of their pomp, alone !

Hence, ye vain fictions, fancy's erring theme,
Gods of illusion ! phantoms of a dream !
Frail, powerless idols of departed time,
Fables of song, delusive, tho' sublime !
'To loftier tasks has Roman Art assigned,
Her matchless pencil, and her mighty mind !

From brighter streams her vast ideas flowed,
With purer fire her ardent spirit glowed.
To her 'twas given in fancy to explore,
The land of miracles, the holiest shore ;
That realm where first the light of life was sent,
The loved, the punished, of th' Omnipotent !
O'er Judah's hills her thoughts inspired would stray,
Thro' Jordan's valleys trace their lonely way ;
By Siloa's brook, or ⁵ Almotana's deep,
Chained in dead silence, and unbroken sleep ;
Scenes, whose cleft rocks, and blasted deserts tell,
Where pass'd th' Eternal, where his anger fell !
Where oft his voice the words of fate revealed,
Swelled in the whirlwind, in the thunder pealed,
Or heard by prophets in some palmy vale,
Breathed ' still small' whispers on the midnight gale.
There dwelt her spirit—there her hand pourtrayed,
'Midst the lone wilderness or cedar-shade,

Ethereal forms, with awful missions fraught,
Or Patriarch-seers, absorbed in sacred thought,
Bards, in high converse with the world of rest,
Saints of the earth, and spirits of the blest.
But chief to Him, the Conqueror of the grave,
Who lived to guide us, and who died to save ;
Him, at whose glance the powers of evil fled,
And soul returned to animate the dead ;
Whom the waves owned—and sunk beneath his eye,
Awed by one accent of Divinity ;
To Him she gave her meditative hours,
Hallowed her thoughts, and sanctified her powers.
O'er her bright scenes sublime repose she threw,
As all around the Godhead's presence knew,
And robed the Holy One's benignant mien,
In beaming mercy, majesty serene.

Oh ! mark, where Raphael's pure and perfect line
Pourtrays that form ineffably divine !

⁶ Where with transcendent skill his hand has shed
Diffusive sunbeams round the Saviour's head ;
Each heaven-illumined lineament imbued
With all the fulness of beatitude,
And traced the sainted group, whose mortal sight,
Sinks overpowered by that excess of light !

Gaze on that scene, and own the might of Art,
By truth inspired, to elevate the heart !
To bid the soul exultingly possess,
Of all her powers, a heightened consciousness,
And strong in hope, anticipate the day,
The last of life, the first of freedom's ray ;
To realize, in some unclouded sphere,
Those pictured glories feebly imaged here !

Dim, cold reflections from her native sky,

Faint effluence of “ the Day-spring from on high !”





NOTES.



Page 22. note 1.

The Belvidere Torso, the favourite study of Michael Angelo, and of many other distinguished artists.

Page 23. note 2.

Quoique cette statue d'Hercule ait été maltraitée et mutilée d'une manière étrange, se trouvant sans tête, sans bras, et sans jambes, elle est cependant encore un chef-d'œuvre aux yeux des connoisseurs; et ceux qui savent percer dans les mysteres de l'art, se la représentent dans toute sa beauté. L'Artiste en voulant représenter Hercule, a formé un corps idéal au-dessus de la nature * * * Cet Hercule paroît donc ici tel qu'il dut être lorsque purifié par le feu des foiblesses de l'humanité, il obtint l'immortalité et prit place auprès des Dieux. Il est représenté sans aucun besoin de nourriture et de réparation de forces. Les veines y sont toutes invisibles.

WINCKELMANN, *Histoire de l'Art chez les Anciens*,
tom. ii. p. 248.

Page 24. note 3.

Le Torso d'Hercule paroît un des derniers ouvrages parfaits que l'art ait produit en Grece, avant la perte de sa liberté. Car après que la Grece fut réduite en province Romaine, l'histoire ne fait mention d'aucun Artiste célèbre de cette nation, jusqu'aux temps du Triumvirat Romain.

WINCKELMANN, *ibid.* tom. ii. p. 250.

Page 26. note 4.

“ It is not, in the same manner, in the agonized limbs, or in the convulsed muscles of the Laocoon, that the secret grace of its composition resides; it is in the majestic air of the head, which has not *yielded to suffering*, and in the deep serenity of the forehead, which seems to be still *superior* to all its *afflictions*, and significant of a mind that cannot be subdued.

Allison's Essays, vol. ii. p. 400.

Laocoon nous offre le spectacle de la nature humaine dans la plus grande douleur dont elle soit susceptible, sous l'image d'un homme qui tâche de rassembler contre elle toute la force de l'esprit. Tandis que l'excès de la souffrance enfle les muscles, et tire violemment les nerfs, le courage se montre sur le front gonflé : la poitrine s'élève avec peine par la nécessité de la respiration, qui est également contrainte par le silence que la force de l'ame impose à la douleur qu'elle voudroit étouffer
* * * * Son air est plaintif, et non criard * * *

WINCKELMANN, *ibid.* tom. ii. p. 214.

Page 30. note 5.

Almotana. The name given by the Arabs to the Dead Sea.

Page 32. note 6.

The Transfiguration, thought to be so perfect a specimen of art, that, in honour of Raphael, it was carried before his body to the grave.

THE END.

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